The Present Conditions in Havana.

Cubans Said to Be Lazy and Lacking in Self-Respect.—Spaniards for Annexation.

"Havana is little more than a frontier village today. That is, the conditions made familiar to Americans by the cowboy, gambler, bad man and so forth are all present here. Law is martial only, for in spite of the proclamation making the Spanish law the law of the city, pending a revision of the system, the town is remarkably free and easy. I don't know about any of the other cities of the island, for I saw none of them, but the capital is a Grizzly Gulch, or some such place, now, with a big instead of a little population. Everything is chaotic, although when I left I could see a great measure of improvement."

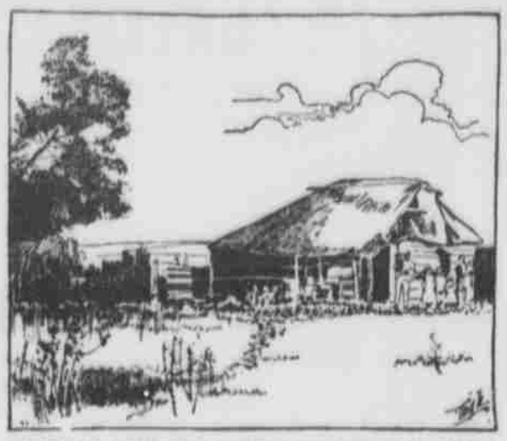
According to William C. Harmon of Chicago the foregoing paragraph epitomizes the situation in Havana today. The chief city of the Antilles is so much like the much-discussed cattle camp that to an American the similarity appeals irresistibly. Law indeed exists, for the stern rule of the military governor controls all and prevents serious uprising. Yet one American soldier, filled with the wine of the cafes, is a terror to a platoon of Cuban police. Local self-government, so says Mr. Harmon, is an idle dream. The Cubans, in his judgment, are no more fit to rule themselves than were the negro slaves of the south the day after they were liberated.

Another thing Mr. Harmon noticed was that every Spaniard in Havana is for annexation to the United States. One would naturally expect these men all Spanish—will be dissatisfied with any other result of the occupation.

"Those Cubans," continued Mr. Harmon, "are mere children. In fact, a boy of this country of 10 years who does not know more about running things would be driven from a school ground. After I became acquainted with them and their characteristics I marveled that we found it necessary to go there and fight for them. They have about as much practical knowledge of the liberty they think they have obtained as a baby has of a magazine gun. In fact, if the gun should be unloaded the baby would have the best of it.

"The Spaniards are the merchants and business men of the city. They have their all invested there and, of course, do not want to lose it. They are unwilling to trust their lives and fortunes to any assembly of Cubans, for they know just how little security this means. It is not so much that they fear they would be slaughtered, for they are, many of them, natives of the island. But the utter incapacity of the genuine Cuban to govern himself would leave them the prey to any adventurer who should come along and who should be smart enough to gain the ascendancy.

"To begin with, the Cubans are excessively lazy. They will accept anything you give them and accept it as if it belonged to them. They are too indolent to work and will lie in the courts of buildings and die if not relieved. I have no doubt that the reports made to me by Spanish merchants are strictly true. Those Spaniards are high-minded men, truthful and honorable. If they make a promise they will keep it; a Cuban will romance by the hour and keep nothing. Now here is what many a merchant told me of the reconcentrados."



TYPICAL COUNTRY DWELLING NEAR HAVANA.

"The Cuban police force is a queer thing. They have a pretty blue uniform, and make a fine showing, but one half-drunken American soldier is able to stampede a whole platoon. He does it, too, as often as he gets the chance. While things are quieting down a bit, and are much better than they were when I went there, the boys have all kinds of fun with the police. They come to the city and fill up and then they make life miserable for the poor coppers. Discipline is a good thing and is kept up all right, but a man away on leave, full of whisky and fight is hard to restrain. So the policeman has little sport in life.

"The Cubans are very abstemious, but they make up in vividness of imagination what they lack in artificial exhilaration. Never do anything today you can put off till tomorrow seems to be the national motto. When tomorrow comes the song is repeated, so that in the end nothing is accomplished. The city is being worked over all the time, but it is very little cleaner than it was before the Americans took hold. It will take years to make Havana a healthy city.

"Prosperity will come to Cuba at once if the natives will get to work. When I left there was every prospect for good crops. The tobacco plantations and sugar fields were in fine condition, and the prices of tobaccos were lower than dealers hoped for. If the people could get rid of the idea that they will never again be required to earn their own living the island would blossom from end to end. But it looks to me as if this country will be forced to take the island to pay for the expense that must be incurred in righting things. These natives will not be fit to handle their own affairs for half a century. By the time they could be educated up to self-government we would have them in the fold. That is what is coming, in my judgment.

"They will need a lot of civilizing before they will come up to the standard of the western hemisphere. For instance, their cemetery customs are revolting. Every family, a member of which dies and is buried in a local cemetery, is required by law to pay a certain annual sum for maintenance. Now, if the dues fall in arrears the governors do not attempt to collect from the living delinquent. Nothing of the sort. They go to the cemetery and dig up the body and toss the bones in a ghastly heap in a veritable 'boneyard.' There they lie exposed and bleaching under the hot sun as a reproach to the living.

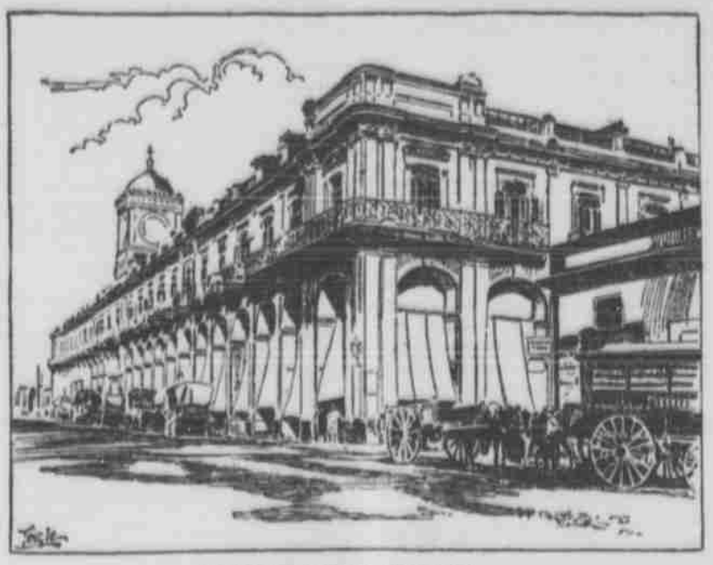
"When the troops occupied Havana they ran into several such horrible things. At first they were supposed to be bones heaped there as the result of the wholesale executions of political prisoners under the 'butcher' Weyler. When all was known the governor-general had nothing to do with these bones. The bodies have been disinterred because cemetery dues had not been kept up. Then the soldiers decently covered the bones and martial law has put a stop to the custom, much to the worry of the men who run the graveyards. But Americans are not so accustomed to the sight of human bones as to submit to their being flaunted in their faces.

IN A BONE CEMETERY.

"Since the lowering of the flag of Spain the principal occupation of many of the natives has been to parade the streets, wave Cuban flags and sing 'Cuba Libre.' They vary the monotony by applying to the commissary depots for food. They beg during the day and parade at night unless dispersed by the police, something they resent with furious outcries. A beggar will quit his role of mendicancy for a while to join in a procession, dancing and howling about the streets. The people do not seem to realize that life amounts to more than this. The whole thing is a huge farce.

"Of course, in a city where the only law is that of military rule the conditions for a time must be poorly defined. With so many volunteers in or near it is impossible to settle down to the rigidity of the regular army. With only a provisional government established and that presided over by a military governor who can absolutely veto anything done, a satisfactory autonomy cannot exist. But so far no Cuban outfit has been organized which is able to handle things. It is doubtful in my mind if there ever will be one. The Cubans vastly outnumber the Spanish and will not permit the latter to rule or even have a voice. The Spanish represent all the business ability and statecraft of the island aside from the American immigration.

"In the end I believe it must be a government established by the United States. Liberty such as the Cubans think they have won would not do them any good, so this nation, having taken a hand, will be forced to hold it to the end. Negro rule is no more popular with the best grades of life in Havana than it is in New Orleans. This country maybe did not intend it, but it is up against it. There is a chance to avoid the mistakes of the reconstruction of the south. But if they are avoided this nation must be the power to accomplish the feat."



TACON MARKET, HAVANA.

AMERICA OF TO-DAY.

Washington's Farewell Address Outgrown—Very Different Conditions.

Looking at the map of North America immediately before the period when the United States began its career as a nation, we have a remarkable spectacle, says Benjamin Kidd in the Atlantic Monthly. A little fringe of English-speaking people, some 5,000,000 in number, occupied the territory along the Atlantic seaboard. The English-speaking territory is little more than a patch on the map, surrounded by territories belonging to one or other of almost all the leading powers of Europe. Yet we look again toward the end of the nineteenth century and a wonderful transformation has taken place; a later and vaster chapter of the world movement, of which we had the opening chapters in another hemisphere, has been enacted. North, south, west, from Atlantic to Pacific, from seaboard to seaboard, the great wave of English-speaking civilization has flowed, submerging, nay, obliterating all other forms. Not a square mile of territory, once won, has ever been given back. The meaning of Washington's farewell address to some 6,000,000 of people, surrounded on every side by hostile powers and hostile natural conditions, appears to be lost when the 6,000,000 have grown to 70,000,000 and are already reckoning the day when they will be 200,000,000. The people whom Henry Adams described as living at the beginning of the nineteenth century "in an isolation like that of the Jutes and Angles of the fifth century' have tamed a continent, have covered it with a vast network of the most magnificent railroads in the world, have grown to be the largest and most homogeneous nation on the face of the earth, with a great world movement behind it, and certainly a great world part in the future before it. It is because the man in the western states today, in a dim, instinctive way, realizes these things, because he has been himself a factor in it, that he seems to be willing to take the risks which more theoretical minds hesitate at. That was the answer which I gave myself. To look closer at the matter is only to have the importance of it brought home with greater force.

A SUGAR REFINERY, PINAR DEL RIO.

Victoria's Number.

It is notable that Queen Victoria was to have passed through France on March 9th. The figure nine plays an important part in the history of the English royal family. Queen Victoria's father was one of nine sons; the Queen is the ninth sovereign since the revolution, and was born in the nineteenth century. The Prince Consort was born in 1819. The Queen has had nine children. The Prince of Wales was born on November 9th and married the Princess of Wales in her nineteenth year. The Princess, too, is the daughter of Christian IX. of Denmark.

Safe.

First Saleswoman—Did you know that Clara Lacey is engaged to Mr. Strutter, the floorwalker? Second Saleswoman—You don't say! First Saleswoman—Yes, and he is awfully jealous of her. He had her transferred from the necktie counter to the bargain counter. Second Saleswoman—Goodness! Why the bargain counter? First Saleswoman—Because no men go there, you know!—Puck.

A good memory is less desirable than the forgetfulness of injuries.

"WINE IS A MOCKER."

It must have been about two years and a half ago that the elderly lady with a husband, residing in our village, conceived the grand idea of making gooseberry wine. She communicated it to the elderly lady without a husband, who again imparted it to the lawyer's wife, a happy mother, with four unmarried daughters, of whom I was, and, alas! still am, the youngest.

The elderly lady with a husband prevailed upon that appendage to gather the fruit; and such was his good will that he arose at 6 o'clock in the morning from his comfortable couch to obey her behest. He appeared at breakfast with lacerated hands and a perspiring frame; but his zeal sent him back to the garden the moment he had satisfied his appetite.

The elderly lady without a husband, having lost what the elderly lady with a husband possessed, was fain to help her cook with her own fair fingers. The lawyer's wife's four daughters were pressed into their mother's service, and most unwillingly plunged their fingers into the torturing bushes.

After the picking was over the three ladies were divided in opinion as to whether the berries should be crushed halved, or left whole, each one following her own conviction. The writer of this has an unpleasant recollection of standing for four hours while she cut every gooseberry clean through the middle, according to her mother's directions.

In due time the wine was put into the casks, and the casks were rendered airtight until the following spring, when the sparkling contents were bottled and stowed in their different cellars.

My mother, I remember, was the happy possessor of six dozen; the elderly lady without a husband had two dozen less; but the elderly lady with a husband carried off the palm of quantity, no less than twelve dozen of this homely liquor.

But while the wine was yet in the casks there came to our village a young man with an unmistakable air of gentility about him. He had no occupation, yet his attire was good in quality and faultless in cut. His purse appeared well lined and quickly emptied.

It was whispered by some that he was an eccentric member of a high family, and had quarreled with his relations all round, so that was how he came to settle in our quiet neighborhood. Others, more maliciously disposed, averred that he was a first-class burglar.

EVERY BOTTLE OF WINE LAY IN ATOMS.

My sisters and I believed in the first-mentioned version of the mystery, perhaps because it was romantic and suited to our girlish imaginations.

He was invited to our village soirees once or twice a week, and as he always sought me out the moment he entered the room I was a target for all the envenomed darts from the bows of the other girls.

Meanwhile the gooseberry wine had been bottled and pronounced excellent by the select few who tasted it; all the bottles were sealed until the following winter.

The festivities of the dark season were ushered in by a small dance, given by the elderly lady with a husband. Everyone was invited, even the unknown, although our hostess looked on him with anything but favor.

The entertainment seemed meant to inaugurate the gooseberry wine rather than anything else, for instead of champagne our glasses were frequently filled with this home production.

Our hostess, with a beaming countenance, told us that she wished the rising generation to patronise this harmless beverage rather than its more potent reality.

The unknown and I, after one waltz, strolled away to the conservatory. When we were alone he looked at me with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks, gently pressing my hand within his arm at the same time.

"Dearest," he whispered, "may I hope that some day you will allow me to claim this dear hand in mine?"

I blushed as became a surprised maiden, although the only wonder I felt was that he had not asked me before.

I murmured "Yes" in my most dulcet accents, and immediately received his reward for my acquiescence.

My heart bounded in response to a knock at the front door, soon after breakfast the next morning. I knew it was the unknown's hand that had wielded the ponderous bronze ring. I heard in my distant dormitory the door opened and closed, and then there was a pause. Next a quick step on the stair, a gentle tap on my own door, and the entrance of the housemaid bearing a card.

The piece of pasteboard bore my love's name, and at the back, in pencilled letters, this short sentence, "Will you spare me a few minutes?"

Not loverlike, certainly; but I clothed it in love's own language. When I entered the drawing-room I found the unknown impatiently drumming his fingers on the window. The face he turned toward me was grave, not to say gloomy; but, still unsuspicious, I went toward him with a gay welcome on my lips. He shook hands, certainly, but constrainedly.

"I have sent for you," he said, "to—to—dash it! I don't know how to put what I am going to say. It is most confoundedly awkward. The fact is, I had no right to ask you to be my wife last night, for I cannot marry if I would."

"Why did you, then?" I asked, coldly.

"Well, to tell you the truth, it was that deuced wine at supper that did it. It went to my head at once, and the waltz afterward finished the business. I am come to throw myself on your generosity. My income dies with me if I marry, and as I have no profession I must keep single."

"Go!" exclaimed I, with a withering look, and pointing to the door.

He obeyed me and went, and left the most miserable being behind him.

After the first paroxysm of outraged nature was over I crawled to the cellar, and I did not leave that place till every bottle of gooseberry wine lay at my feet in shivered atoms.—Exchange.

BIG FEES.

Physicians Who Received Fortunes for Simple Services.

Several European physicians have made fortunes by single operations. Dr. Thomas Dimsdale, a Hertfordshire specialist, who was summoned to St. Petersburg in 1752 to vaccinate Empress Catherine II., received $60,000 and a pension of $2,500 a year. A certain Dr. Butler, who had obtained a world-wide reputation for his operations in lithotomy, received a lakh of rupees (then worth $50,000) from each of six Indian rajahs for relieving them from their pains. The late czar of Russia paid Prof. Zacherine, a noted specialist of Moscow, $75,000 for two days' attendance. Dr. Gale of Bristol received a check for $250,000 for curing a certain prominent nobleman of a diseased knee. Dr. Gale Yowski, who traveled all the way to Teheran to attend the son of the late shah, received $35,000 and his expenses. Sir William Jenner received a baronetcy and $50,000 for four weeks' attendance at the bedside of the prince of Wales. Sir Morell Mackenzie received $100,000 for attending the Emperor Frederick. Perhaps the most extravagant fee of all, however, is that of an English army surgeon who charged an Indian rajah $50,000 for one prescription in a simple case of rheumatism.

Couldn't Be Divided.

In Felix Moscheles' "Fragments of an Autobiography" occurs the following: Madame Schumann was wanted to play at a little musical reunion, but she did not respond. Mr. Moscheles was deputed to approach her. "Was she inclined to play?" "Particularly disinclined," was the discouraging response. The envoy mentioned her husbands's "Carnaval." "One part I particularly love, the 'March of the Davidsbundler.' If I could only hear you play just that page or two!" This roused her. "Page or two, indeed!" she cried. "Wenn man den 'Carnaval' spielt, spielt man ihn ganz." (When one plays the "Carnaval" one must play it all.) And she played the whole.

MIXED PICKLES.

An "old maid's convention" was held at Elkhart, Ill., recently.

Of every hundred Portuguese peasants only twenty can read and write.

Copenhagen has the largest zoological garden in Europe. It embraces 4,200 acres.

Three oil wells at Bibi-Eibat, in the Baku district, produced over 6,000,000 barrels last year.

Several soldiers who went through the fight at Santiago fainted at Columbus, O., the other day when they were being vaccinated.

Berlin is to have a special institute for the study of hygiene as applied to the tropics. Professor Koch has drawn up a plan for it.

"Did you say I lied deliberately?" "Well, not exactly. My remark was that you couldn't tell a deliberate truth."—Philadelphia North American.

Sir Walter Besant says no man has fewer amusements than himself. He is too short-sighted for billiards or tennis, and has even dropped the occasional game of whist.

A French philological journal estimates that of the 860 different languages spoken on the globe, 89 are in use in Europe, 144 in Africa, 123 in Asia, 417 in America and 117 in Oceanica.

A month's supplies for the South Carolina dispensaries, recently purchased, included 915 barrels of whisky, thirty barrels of gin, ten barrels of rum, 420 cases of whisky, 100 cases of wine, four carloads of beer, five barrels of ale and five barrels of porter.

Uncle Joshua—We's got ter have some more coaling stations. Uncle Jedediah—What do we need 'em fer? Uncle Joshua—Why, ter accommodate our navy, ye know. Uncle Jedediah—A bigger navy? We don't need that, either. Uncle Joshua—We don't? How'd we defend our new coaling stations, then?—Judge.

Wanted His Horse.

A Scotch farmer, celebrated in his neighborhood for his immense strength and skill in athletic exercises, very frequently had the pleasure of contending with people who came to try their strength against him. Lord D., a great pugilistic amateur, went from London on purpose to fight the athletic Scot. The latter was working in an enclosure a little distance from his house when the noble lord arrived. His lordship tied his horse to a tree and addressed the farmer. "Friend, I have heard marvelous reports of your skill, and have come a long way to see which of us two is the better wrestler." The Scotchman, without answering, seized the nobleman, pitched him over the hedge, and then set about working again. When Lord D. got up: "Well," said the farmer, "have you anything more to say to me?" "No," replied his lordship; 'but perhaps you'd be good enough to throw me my horse."—Short Stories.

Bigotry is not peculiar to religion.

English Patents Expensive.

British patent rights are much more expensive to maintain than those granted in this country. The life of a British patent is fourteen years, but during that time renewal fees are demanded ten times, amounting in all to $475. In the United States a patent costs $35 and has a life of seventeen years. Now a patent law reform association has been organized in England to urge that the English patent laws be made to correspond with the American.